

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

Sedgwick County Republican Ticket.
For State Senator.....C. REED
For Sheriff.....HENRY LLOYD
For Treasurer.....JOHN STANLEY
For Clerk.....A. M. DENNEY
For Surveyor.....A. H. JACKMAN
For Coroner.....W. McCLAIN
For Commissioner.....W. J. PITTINGER

If the people on this earth don't like the way Rev. Joseph Cook runs things they can move off, that's all.

Now some one has discovered the bacteria of baldness. They work in conjunction with the house-fly.

Nominee Drake has a suggestion of water in his name that will probably secure the prohibition vote of Iowa.

The New York papers will realize now that, as a joke, the cyclone is most execrably funny when 3,000 miles away.

While the "bicycle face" is being discussed over the country, the "watermelon mouth" is getting in its work in Kansas.

There is no question but that the progress of the Harrison boom has been arrested for carrying concealed opinions.

Today Mr. Horr and Mr. Harvey will begin to inform each other in the most gentlemanly manner possible that they are liars.

The resignation of the directors of the Hutchinson reformatory did not prevent Governor Morrill from burying Hatch it seems.

Millionaire Watkins of Lawrence, wants to go to the United States senate. And it is not buttermilk in Mr. Watkins' barrel, either.

Unless Olney liberates Waller at once, three or four men in Topeka will simply throw conventionality to the winds and denounce him.

The new Goddess of Liberty does not hold her torch on high with one hand. She has it behind a magnifying glass right over the front wheel.

Probably the only climatic difference between Kansas and New York is that you can build a cyclone cellar in Kansas without being laughed at.

According to the newspapers, Japan has whaled China, but from the pictures on the paper fans, it would seem that the struggle is still going on.

With all the rest of the world squalling beneath his heel, that little Hawaii should attempt to rebel against his godship, Rev. Joseph Cook!

Russell Sage's physician warns him to quit work, but old Russell knows that neither section "over there" wants him, and he goes right on slaving.

Unfortunately the constitution does not provide that names for the president's children shall be selected by a popular vote, so we shall suggest no more.

Feinmore Cooper has been attacked by Mark Twain, but he has not hurt the great writer any more than Bill Nye can harm Thomas Browne Peacock of Topeka.

Aged and wrinkled Squirrel, the great Caddo medicine man, claims he is making the rain and he doesn't stop operations to take up collection among the Indians either.

Lizzie Borden cut a prominent figure at the Christian Endeavor meeting in Boston. Although she was acquitted it is believed that Lizzie cannot hear too many prayers.

It is claimed by a Cincinnati physician that Americans bathe too much. There is only one way to stop it and that is to render the female bathing suit less attractive.

If by any hook or crook Texas should be cheated out of that prize-fight, the attorney general who discovered the obnoxious law will find that his health would make a removal.

Li Hung Chang was surprised to find that Foster had held so many offices and yet was not a rich man. Perhaps Mr. Li's surprise was a delicate way of calling Foster a liar.

Labor Commissioner Bird says he will give Governor Morrill a "damn hard chase." Mr. Bird appears to think that Morrill will attempt the "salt on the tail" scheme.

President Dole of Hawaii, celebrated the Fourth of July. President Cleveland of the United States, did not. Perhaps the United States will be annexed to Hawaii some day.

The president of the Cuban Republic lives in New York, and he is going to see that Spain is licked if he has to move to Alaska and join in the battle near Havana himself.

Queen Victoria, in speaking to one of her granddaughters, has denounced bloomers. The good queen is a very old woman or she would live to see worse things than bloomers.

People who have been expressing fears that we would have no summer weather should wait. It is coming and we will feed it more than usual with the great amount of humidity in the air.

Lucien Baker, the new senator from Kansas, has picked up \$16,000 in Colorado that he had all but forgotten. The Kansas legislature picked up Mr. Baker when they had all but forgotten him.

It is suspected that Mark Twain has money, but that it is all in his wife's name. It is said, however, that he is utterly miserable. He may be forced into actually becoming humorous again in order to pay his debts.

THE EAGLE AND THE PREACHERS

The editor of the Eagle has occupied the editorial chair a greater number of years than has any minister of this city occupied the pulpit, and from the very necessity of the case being on an amicable footing with his readers, any effort to misrepresent his position or to misinterpret the spirit of his words or convictions, must fail.

From various rumors reaching us touching declarations said to have been made in some of the pulpits of this city within ten days past, a few words, in not being out of place, may lead to a better understanding—might possibly instruct even if they fail to edify.

The time was when writers and orators made reference to the "pulpit and the press" as the great educators, and leading influences, of the present age. The words of reference have been reversed. They now stand the "press and the pulpit."

While the Eagle has no inclination to trespass upon the realm of the preacher, the pulpit cannot invade the field of the press, even were it so disposed. That time is past. The paper and the preacher can, however, work in harmony, in many directions, for the uplifting of humanity, and in the conservation of the good and the pure; nevertheless, it is a fact that their mutualities is in no sense equal or reciprocal. The pulpit cannot curtail much less cripple the power of the press. The press can do much to uphold and sustain the pulpit. With these few observations as to the status of the controversy we will proceed with what we started out to say:

There is a Christian church, of many denominations, and a secular press, in Wichita. The one is devoted to man's spiritual well-being, the other to his material welfare. The one stands for the things of time, the other for the things of eternity. When either attempts to invade the arena of the other the resultant tendency can hardly be harmony or that "peace" which it was said "I leave with you."

In other words, the Eagle is for Wichita, for all it is, all that it has, and all that it hopes to be. Wichita cannot be the city and market metropolis of the vast region of which it is the center, and at the same time be only a quiet, nice little county-seat town, of temperance and of high moral character; cannot be a center of big churches, big charities and schools, big business and power, and at the same time conform to the petty type and poverty stricken religion of the sleepy country village of starved preachers and threadbare teachers. Wichita is going to be just one or the other of these things. Wichita is either too big, or it is too little, right now. The Eagle holds that it is too little and wants to make it bigger. In making it bigger we will have bigger preachers and bigger churches and more of them; bigger asylums and bigger charities and more of them, bigger schools, and factories and business houses and bigger everything and more of them. Wichita will never have these things, will never be anything but a mere nothing among the aggregation of nowhere, if she is to fall under the iron-hand rule of pessimistic narrowness. Even those who claim a comparative pulpitness here, and now; and those institutions which view as of commendable magnitude, the first will leave us for bigger places of bigger sins and the others will shrink into nothingness and into forgetfulness.

There is an "eternity," but this is "time," and while "time" furnishes the opportunity to preach of "eternity," the preacher will want somebody to preach to. Under a country-village policy within a few years one preacher would be all that Wichita could support or care to hear. To be a city of big churches and of big preachers, of vast enterprises and far-reaching influence we must expect and accept all that goes with a big city, its greater good with its innumerable evils. There would be no opportunity to do good were there no evil. Where sin abounds grace will much more abound.

Now a few words as to the apprehension expressed by some of our dear good church friends of the possible disadvantage to the Eagle in pulpit opposition. The Eagle has been here a good while and will be here until the town in flourishing again shall regain that of which it has been partially robbed. Being of Wichita, the Eagle will only go down in the event of Wichita's going down. In the meanwhile we shall hardly stand idly by and see anybody pull it down. The Eagle not only talks to all the people to whom its critics preach but talks to those who will not hear them, not only to such but to thousands of others who would never have heard of said preacher-critics but for the Eagle. It talks to them daily, at their fire-sides, talks to them in their reflective and dispassionate moods; talks to them of their hopes and chances in life; comes to them in their misfortune with sympathetic words,—to them in the hour of sorrow and of the death of their loved ones. So we have no fear of being misunderstood or misjudged except by the prejudiced. The Eagle knows that the founder of Christianity, Himself, never browed, never tried to drive humanity by herds into His

fold, never spoke harshly, except of hypocrites. He appealed to the individual, man and woman, always, and not to the officer of human law. The Eagle does not refrain from a fight to fight with the preachers of Wichita who have attacked its editor because of fear, not by any means. But believing in the church and having always and under all circumstances lent our influence to it, having helped to sustain its work, and to ever praise and encourage its mission and ministers, we would not now prove a stumbling block for the weak, nor shock the truthful and trusting. These will be with us when some of these criticizing preachers will have gone their way, and will be with us to the end.

Preachers are no more than human—very human. It is not the sacredness but the narrowness of their environment which renders some of them anything but liberal in their views or charitable in their impulses. Everything which fails to come up to the particular standard of such is fit only for condemnation. But there are broad preachers, great loving souls who prize their Christianity above everything, because its founder loved humanity so,—so loved it that He died for it. Appreciating something of these things the editor of the Eagle cannot be forced, by mere personal attacks upon himself, to criticize the average preacher; but, if they want to know how we feel when they join our enemies to pull Wichita down, let them imagine how they would act and what they would say if some of their own congregation should strike hands with the world, the flesh, the devil, or anybody else, to pull down the church for whose upbuilding they had labored night and day for a quarter of a century.

SARAH ANN'S PANTS.
Sarah Ann Peters, of Boston, writes the New York Sun in defense of the bicycle-bloomer. In her bicyclic she begs leave to inform the Sun that she knows what she is talking about in declaring that a woman's legs differ from a man's; that the formation of her knees are such that after three months experience she, Sarah Ann Peters, found that her pants didn't bag at the knee, not so soon nor near so badly as the man's. She holds therefore in addition to the moral and historical right to breeches for women, a physical and aesthetic one.

We agree that on the leg argument Sarah has got us. There is no question of the superior smoothness of the feminine knee, and maybe after all the trousers belong to her rather than to man. And the superior smoothness of contour of the feminine knee is not only indisputable, but it is equally true of her whole body, to say nothing of her tongue, which being admitted the claim that men formerly wore in skirts and women in pants is practically established. Come on Sarah with your bloomers, we are not only dumb but expect to be blind.

DUMPING SILVER.
The single cinchers are eternally harping that free coinage, or any equitable recognition and use of silver by America would cause all Europe to dump its silver on America. They don't tell us where the silver is to come from, or how Europe could afford to send its coin to America to be recoined into money of less value than it already carries as coin at home, but simply reiterate that America would be flooded with European silver. That their theories lack sense or reason makes no difference. But there comes another cry from Wall street, a different tune. A firm there whose agent has been in Europe, recommends investments in silver bullion on account of its strong statistical position. A circular issued by the said firm last week says:

When in London a few weeks ago the writer of this letter met Sir Hector M. Hay, of the great bullion firm of Messrs. Goldschmidt, and in reply to the inquiry as to the amount of silver bullion supply he estimated on the merchandise of Europe, namely, that there is about three millions sterling, or \$35,000,000 worth, was a liberal estimate. A couple of days ago we asked a member of one of the largest bullion firms of this city how much he estimated the American visible supply of bullion to be, and he said that it was not more than \$3,000,000 in value, adding further, "the bars come from the smelters as fast as they are produced, and hardly have time to get cold before they arrive here and are again en route to Europe." If any extra demand occurs, with such permanent supply already in steady operation, what is there to prevent the important rise in the value of the white metal? The stock is small, as we have seen, and one cannot add to it at pleasure, and any extra demand from Japan and China in connection with the war indemnity must materially advance the price, besides relieving the merchandise market of the relatively trivial value of the supply of the white metal. We are glad to believe that a rise in quotation of silver would exercise a highly salutary effect on sentiment throughout the world, and the probability of a more favorable recognition of the merits of silver as a precious metal in its relation to gold.

NOT AS SMART AS USUAL.
The newspapers of Wichita and Atchison are not very complimentary to the Eagle. The Eagle claims that Sedgwick county is nearly a quarter of a million dollars in a fruitless effort to close its saloons, and now kicks because Governor Morrill has closed them without charging a cent for it—Lawrence Journal.

That is not up to the mark of the Journal's usual smartness. Sedgwick county spent that money in fruitless efforts, at the instigation of chief executives, through assistant attorney generals, but for whose persistence the people would not only have saved such sum but forced the violators of the prohibitory enactment to put up sufficient money to pay a police force to watch them. Morrill not only cut off the wherewith to keep the seller within bounds but sends the traffic into out of the way places, beyond the possible vigilance of the police; and not only that, but doubles the volume of the illegal traffic and puts the taxpayer to an enormous expense in paying for fruitless prosecutions. In cutting off the revenue, wherewith to pay the police force, if the governor did not add expense, there would be less protest, even though the drinking was doubled.

BRINGING INDIANS AROUND.
General Armstrong of the Dawes commission, gives some hope that the new commission knows more than was expected. He said that the bosses of the Indian tribes are not in favor of allotment, but that the mass of the Indians are. If this is thoroughly understood by the Dawes commission it is their business to so report to the government.

That is as far as their power goes. It rests with congress to issue the edict which will reclaim the Indian from the low, dirty, diseased, ignorant thralldom in which a few Indian ringsters now hold him. That congress will do it there is little doubt. The necessity for that action is imperative, and congress, even slow, sleepy, inactive congress must see it so. Even the Indian ringsters are getting to a frame of mind where they must accept the inevitable. The Indian newspapers which are mostly controlled by the Five tribe ringsters, are beginning to give way and acknowledge that they must bow before necessity.

In last week's issue the Vinita Chief gives up the ghost as follows: "The question of allotment of lands has been discussed pro and con for the last thirty years. And there are very few sane Cherokees who have not at some time or other favored allotment. And now at the present stage of the game allotment is considered one of the things inevitable. As the time when this country will be really ready to accept allotment, but this we do know, the survivors are at work cutting up our country into sections preparatory to placing every citizen upon his or her pro rata share of the domain. Congress is not expected to do this. The vast sums of money it will be necessary to appropriate to pay for the survey precludes the idea of it being done this year. No, there is no use talking, this country is not to be allotted and the question as to whether it is right for the government to do this or not does not enter into the subject at all. Individually we believe that it would be wisdom on the part of the Cherokees to accept allotment at the earliest time possible. It would make monopoly impossible. It would free the country of intruders, that is, it would displace the Cherokees from the right of ownership, and this forever settle all questions of citizenship. And, if none of these questions were to be settled, or needed settlement, this Cherokee government would be a great deal better off than it is now. Every citizen that allotment will be necessary for the protection of the citizens, one against the other. No honest man will contend that it is right for some of our people to own and occupy thousands of acres while others have none. Every citizen that has more than his share of the public domain should, as a matter of right, be made to disgorge, and the only way to rectify this matter is undoubtedly by allotment."

TWO DEPUTIES AND COCK-TAILS.
The country the other day was treated to the curious spectacle of an Oklahoma prisoner escaping from a New York hotel. The New York Post the next day has this to say: "Marshals William N. Nix and Frank Merritt of Guthrie, from whose custody the convicted counterfeiter, John Bittel, escaped from the Cosmopolitan hotel at 220 9th street, were greatly distressed and surprised to find that the fugitive had been found. Bittel did not use any force or intrigue, but quietly stepped into the elevator on the second floor and stood for a moment as if in bewilderment, and passed out of the front door a free man, while his trusted guard were enjoying cocktails in the cafe. In front of the hotel, Bittel stood for a moment and asked a bystander the nearest way to Fulton street. This was the last seen of him, and the means of his escape, which stood for a moment as if in bewilderment, and passed out of the front door a free man, while his trusted guard were enjoying cocktails in the cafe. 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